

The Ypsilantian

EIGHTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, DEC. 29, 1887.

NUMBER 417.

H. P. GLOVER'S HOLIDAY LIST.

40 dozen full size Pongee Silk Handkerchiefs to be sold at 25c. each, former price 50c.

Mikado Silk Handkerchiefs, all colors, 15 and 25c.

Japanese Silk Handkerchiefs, 50c. to \$1.25.

Duchess Lace Handkerchiefs, linen lawn centers, the new thing in Hdkfs, \$1.50 to \$3.75.

Linen Handkerchiefs, embroidered edges, 25c. to \$1.50.

Muslin Aprons, from 25c. to \$1.50.

Kid Gloves—all the Latest Novelties.

Kid Mittens, Woolen Gloves, English Walking Gloves.

DRESS * GOODS * AND * CLOAKS AT BARGAIN PRICES.

MUFFS and BOAS to Suit Everybody.

A New Lot of Nutria and Fox Sets.

WOOLEN HOODS AT ONE-HALF PRICE TO CLOSE

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ESTABLISHED JANUARY 1, 1880.

SMITH & OSBAND, Publishers.

(GEO. C. SMITH, — Wm. M. OSBAND.)

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Ypsilanti, Mich.

Christmas Observances.

AT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH Under the bright shining planets, Jupiter and Venus, early on Christmas morning, the devout Catholic was seen hastening from every part of the city to his place of worship; and by 5 o'clock St. John's was crowded in every part of the building. At this early hour the service consisted of solemn high mass, immediately followed with a sermon by the pastor, appropriate on this glad morning. This imposing service was made more impressive by the grand music furnished by the choir, assisted by some of the best musical talent in the city. Beside the organ, a fine orchestra added much to the worship. One of the pieces of music particularly fine, was Lambellotte's Pascal Mass in D.

Immediately after the close of this service, low mass was celebrated, and the pastor again preached, when 250 communicants partook of the blessed eucharist. The third mass was celebrated at 10:30 a.m., followed by another sermon, and appropriate Christmas hymns were sung by the school children. This was a delightful hour.

At the evening service the church was filled to its utmost capacity by a devout and intelligent audience. At 7:30 a solemn benediction was given followed by a lecture, in which Christ was shown to be the light of the world, sent by his Father to teach man the true doctrine, and show him the way to heaven, and establish a church in the world. The speaker then proceeded to show that the Catholic Church was the true one, because it extended back to the days of the Apostles, and other so called protestant churches being of recent origin, without unity of doctrine, and each church claiming to sustain their peculiar views from the Bible. The Catholic church had one set of doctrines taught in all their churches. Macaulay says: "The history of the church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the line of Supreme Pontiffs. She was great and respected before the Saxon set foot in Britain, and before the Frank had crossed the Rhine."

Father De Bever has had the spiritual oversight of the church for twelve years. He is greatly beloved by his people. Many of his congregation took advantage of Christmas day to present him with many valuable gifts.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

St. Luke's church as usual is in green. The decorations are quite simple and confined to the chancel. The Christmas services began at six o'clock. The morning service was fully in the spirit of the day. The rector preached from the text, "But Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart." A generous offering was devoted, as is the custom of the diocese, to the widows and orphans of the clergy.

The Christmastide festival of the Sunday School was last night, the feast of Holy Innocents. A beautiful tree reaching to the chancel arch, with the Bethlehem star above, was hung with lights, decorations, presents, and sweets. Every one was happy, and every one seemed to be remembered, from the rector to the parish babies, and every one was in the spirit of the holy season as was most strongly shown in the hearty singing of the Christmas carols.

METHODIST.

The Christmas services at the M. E. church on Sunday evening were well attended and passed off with very great satisfaction to all present. They were under the direction of Mr. A. A. Graves, the superintendent of the Sabbath School, and the young people acquitted themselves with great credit. The recitations by Miss Sturges and Miss Warner showed thorough preparation and a just appreciation of the sentiment of the selections. Little Wayne and Wallace Shier did their parts like little heroes, showing that the valor of the highlands does not forsake Scotch blood even though transferred to foreign soil. Nine little girls as bright and pretty as pearls came to the platform and added their voices to the entertainment of the evening. It is needless to speak of the music as it is always of high order when Prof. Hewitt presides at the organ.

The choir was at its best and that is saying a good deal. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Venning, closed the exercises with a few well timed and appropriate remarks.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

The exercises Sunday evening were under direction of Prof. Daniel Putnam, superintendent of the Sunday School.

The music by the choir was conducted by Mr. Hodge, the former popular leader.

The pastor and others. The glad children did not forget to make other hearts glad, but went the Sunday School at Medina to nominate a box filled with presents.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

The exercises Sunday evening were conducted by Mr. Cowell, Sunday evening, consisting of song and readings, and addresses by Profs.

Strong and D'Ooge, Mr. Wood and the pastor.

Prof. D'Ooge related the German custom of going about at midnight on Christmas eve with the salutation, "Christ is born;" and if any meet who are at enmity and have not spoken for a year, they shake hands and say, "Christ is born." Thus are justified the words of the herald, "Peace on earth, good will."

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When a negro wrote a white woman it looks like a clear case of black mail.—*Duluth Paragrapher*.

All heirs are interesting, but the most interesting is the million heir.—*New Haven News*.

"She" as dramatized, collapsed in Philadelphia. The leading lady did not look haggard enough.—*Buffalo Times*.

If a man really desires to discover how popular he is as a speaker let him charge 50 cents admission.—*Boston Globe*.

A new magazine, called *The Age of Woman*, is announced. It will never be given away, of course.—*New York World*.

A good many modern ladies who can't bear to do any housework can bare easy enough to attend a ball.—*Duluth Paragrapher*.

Monkstown is the name of a new postoffice of Yazoo county, Mississippi. Doubtless, the postmaster could unfold a tale.—*New Haven News*.

Mrs. Jones—"Don't trouble to see me to the door, Mrs. Smith." "Mrs. Smith—"No trouble. Quite a pleasure I assure you!"—*Ex.*

The counterfeiter, no matter where he goes, is seldom well lodged. At least it is believed that wherever he is he has bad quarters.—*Boston Courier*.

Prof. John L. Sullivan bought \$40,000 worth of United States bonds in London the other day. Sullivan made his money by hard "licks".—*Savannah News*.

Highwayman—"Throw up your hand!" Physician (absently)—"It's out of the question, sir. I haven't an emetic of any kind, with me."—*Nebraska State Journal*.

"It does seem to me as if these colleges are never satisfied. Here are the students at Yale kicking again. 'What are they kicking about now?' 'Football'."—*Puck*.

Everybody knows what a bee-line is. It runs in a circle around clover patches and finally makes its way to a hollow tree in the swamp, where the honey is deposited.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Boston husband (to wife)—"The arrival of Ruffles II. seem to have created quite a sensation in town." Boston lady—"O, John, couldn't you arrange to have him to dinner?"—*New York Sun*.

"How it all comes back to me," murmured the poet sadly, as with practised fingers he estimates the thickness of the portly package of MSS; which he has just taken from the postoffice.—*Ex.*

At the races, a close finish: Mabel—"Did the horse with the red and blue man win?" Arthur—"Wait till the judges see which horse they've got the most money on and I'll tell you."—*Birchwood Record*.

Patrolman O'Karsch (who has brought home his night stick for the first time)—"Where's my club?" Mrs. O'Karsch—"Club, is it?" Sure. Oi thought it was wan o' thim Ditch sassages; an' it's biliin' it is."—*Puck*.

"What do you think of my weak-old whiskers?" he asked proudly as he coaxed them gently to stay in sight. "They look like weak old whiskers," she answered with a cruel intonation of scorn.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Your bill has been running a long time," insinuatingly remarked the butcher to Slowpaw the other morning. "That's bad," remarked Slowpaw, sympathetically. "Why don't you let it walk?"—*Washington Critic*.

Artist (spending a month in the country)—"My dear Mrs. Purpleblossom, you are so beautiful. Wouldn't you like to have me do you in oil?" Mrs. Purpleblossom—"Do you take me for a sardine?"—*Burlington Free Press*.

"I see that Washington City dealers are laying in large quantities of corkscrews," remarked Mrs. Snagg. "What do you suppose they are for?" "O," replied Snagg, "they are getting ready to open congress."—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

Caller (to Flossie, whose mother has recently married the second time)—"Well, Flossie—I don't like him now quite as much as I did at first. I'm afraid he isn't going to wear very well."—*New York Sun*.

Amateur actress (rehearsing)—"You must not say 'exit' when you retire from the state, Mr. Sissy." Amateur actor (triumphantly showing her the book)—"That's what the book says, Miss Gushington." Amateur actress (convinced)—"Why so it does."—*Epoch*.

A man, being requested by a friend to buy him some books, forgot all about the master till he accidentally met him; then, in his confusion, he endeavored to "set matters straight" by nonchalantly remarking: "By the way I never got the letter you wrote about those books."—*German Paper*.

Chicago and Atlanta, acting conjointly, have struck a great business scheme. Atlanta makes cotton-seed out of lard and Chicago makes lard out of cotton-seed oil. The possibilities of this scheme in the way of "furnishing employment" to labor are absolutely unlimited.—*Boston Globe*.

At a restaurant: Irate customer—"Waiter, look here; this isn't a beefsteak; it's a paving-stone, I call it." Waiter hurries up and courteously remarks: "Oh! we thought we might safely offer it to monsieur." "How so?" "Because monsieur has such a splendid set of teeth."—*La Gauloise*.

"How many birthdays do you think I have had?" one person was heard to say to another in the horse-car. "O, about forty-seven," hazarded the person addressed. "Only one birthday the rest have been anniversaries," was the explanation, and the car suddenly stopped.—*Hartford Religious News*.

"Do you not wonder sometimes," asked a young writer of a friend, "how I manage to turn out so much poetry for the press?" "No," replied the friend, "ever since I saw a man throw a somerset over eleven elephants at the circus last week I have been of the opinion that nothing is impossible."—*New York Star*.

"Mrs. Gewgaw must be a woman who suffers great distress," remarked Mr. Pert, as he observed the lady in question exhibiting a very profuse array of jewelry. "She hasn't got reputation, sir," replied Mr. Oracle; "why do you infer so?" "Merely from the way she rings her hands," was the response.—*Youkers Gazette*.

JIM POULDER'S MISTAKE.

A Pleasant Story of New Jersey Life.

A pleasant, balmy day in May. The windows of the railway car were open. There was a breeze stirring; and though a cloud of dust was blown in, it was also blown out, with the exception of a tired portion which stopped to rest on the clothes of the passengers, or burrowed for its own safety in their ears or nostrils. There were only two vacant seats in the car, and at Panhandle station two persons came in to fill them. One of these was an old man; on a second look, he was probably not over 50—with iron-gray hair, partly covered by a slouch fed hat, and clad in a new suit of gray stuff that seemed to have been made for some one else. With him was a young and very pretty girl, whose dress was of ordinary stuff, but well-fitting, and who was well-gloved and well-shod.

The observer would set down the two for well-to-do farmers and his daughter, who were traveling for business or pleasure. The man looked around. The two vacant seats were on opposite sides of the car. In one of them sat a young, well-dressed, and apparently self-satisfied gentleman, and the space by his side was occupied by a handbag of crocodile leather and a spring overcoat. In the other was another young man, not quite so extravagantly dressed, though neatly clad, and not as handsome as the first, though he had an open intelligent countenance. The farmer looked around, and, motioning his daughter to the vacant seat, said: "There's a place for you, Lucy." Then, turning to the young man with the satchel, he asked: "Seat engaged?"

The young man looked up, curled his lip superciliously, and said, "Man to fill it'll be here presently, I dare say."

"Ah!" said the farmer, coolly, removing the gripsack and overcoat, and placing them on the young man's lap; "then I'll occupy it until he comes." And he seated himself accordingly, while the young man glared at him.

The one on the other side looked amused; and then, rising, said: "You had better exchange seats with me, sir, and then the young lady and yourself will be together."

"Thank you," was the farmer's reply; and the exchange was quietly effected.

The two young men were evidently acquainted; for the courteous one said to the other, in a low voice: "Jim Poulder, you made a mistake there."

"I never make mistakes, Frank Bolling," replied the other. "I dare say you'll make your fortune some of these days by being polite to the granger population; but my fortune is already made."

The first speaker said nothing more, but drawing a paper from his pocket, opened and ran his eye over its columns.

Poulder yawned a little, and at last said: "This is too dull for yours faithfully, James Poulder. I'll go into the smoking-car and take a whiff. Have a snifter?" he inquired, producing a pocket-flask.

"No, thank you," replied Bolling. "This stuff is rather too fiery for me."

"Here goes alone, then. That's as fine brandy as ever crosses the ocean. Day-day! Keep an eye to my traps, will you? and don't give up my seat to every country yokel who asks it."

The elegant young gentleman shook himself and made his way forward to the car especially provided for fumigation.

When he had gone, the old man leaned over the arm of his seat and addressed Bolling.

"Excuse me, sir, but didn't your friend who has left say that his name was James Poulder?"

"That's his name, sir," replied the young man; "but he is not exactly a friend of mine though we live in the same place, and I know him very well."

"May I inquire where he is from?" "Yes sir; Careysburg."

"Son of Peter B. Poulder, the great pork packer there, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"His father should deal with him. It would be quite in his line."

"Oh, Papa!" said a sweet, reproachful voice, as those near who heard the colloquy tittered.

"Sorry, old fellow," he said, "to have left you so long. Been bored to death for want of company, haven't you?"

"Oh, no! I have enjoyed a very pleasant conversation with our genial neighbor over the way."

"Genial! Well, of all the queer chaps for picking up all low acquaintance, you bent 'em, and give 'em six in the game."

"Ssh! They'll hear you."

"Let 'em, who cares? Going to stop at the Junction?"

"No; there is a one-horse sort of connecting train, I learn, and I shall push on to Griffon at once."

"I shan't. I'll lie over a day. I'm sort of worn out, and I'll come tomorrow as fresh as a daisy. Hope you'll have a good time among the cheese and candles. I intend to look in on you before I leave, and see how deth the little busy bee improve each shining hour."

"Thank you; you're very kind."

The brakeman craned his neck in the door, and uttered some sounds, apparently "Grittin Juxshn," which the experienced ear understood to be Griffon Junction, and the traveler for that point left the cars. Poulder made his way, with his luggage to the little hotel there, while the farmer and daughter followed by Bolling, made their to the single car, with a little superannuated engine attached, which stood waiting. There were no other passengers, and the three had the car to themselves.

"Come over here, Mr. Bolling," said the old man, after the car had been in motion a while, "I want to talk to you a bit. Turn down that seat. That will do. You said you had a letter for Judge Carter, and didn't intend to deliver it."

"I get but a beggarly pay, of course," said Frank, gayly. "I am only a raw hand, but I have a promise that, when I am better qualified, my wages will be increased."

"You are rather a singular person," said the farmer, blithly. "Most young men would have talked of their salary."

"I rather prefer the old style of En-

glish," said Bolling. "I am to be a hireling; and the compensation of a hireling is called wages. But wages or salary—the terms are indifferent to me."

"My place is within a mile of Griffon," said the old man. "I have a notion that I knew your father once. Wasn't he at Harvard, in his time?"

"Yes, sir, and so was I. We are alumni of the same school."

"I wonder if he remembers his old chum there—one George Carter—George St. Leger Carter, as they have it on the rolls."

"Yes, sir; I've heard him speak of him often, though the two have drifted apart since then. Judge Carter you mean. He lives at Griffon. Do you know him?"

"Um! ye-es! After a fashion."

"Papa!" whispered the young girl; but Bolling's quick ear caught her words; I know the judge better than you do."

"Be quiet, Puss, will you?" replied the old man.

"I want identification. Here, conductor! Tell this young gentleman who I am."

"Judge Carter," responded the conductor, a little curious to know what it was all about.

"Thank you, Philips. That'll do. Do you know him?"

Bolling, not a little astonished, took the letter from his pocket-book.

"If you'll permit me," said the old man, as he opened the letter, and glanced over the contents. "He gives you a good character, and wants me to look after you a little. Ah, how time flies! Lucy, this young fellow's father and I had such good times in the old days. How long did you read law, Bolling?"

"A little over two years, sir."

"Like it?"

"Very much indeed, sir."

"Whom did you read with?"

"Spence & Sullivan."

"Good men. Sullivan put you through the office business, I fancy; that's his way. Now, I've been putting you through an exhaustive examination, which is my way and I think you will do. Let old Bragg find another salesman. He's not dying for you, and I can get him a substitute. I have two students in my office. What they are there for is their own business, but they'll never make a great success at the bar unless they change their ways. I want a clerk to manage my office, and to boss around while I am off on a circuit. I'll give you a living salary—not too much, and you can read law meanwhile. You ought to be able to pass in a year. If you turn out as I hope you will, why, when you get your sheepskin, we'll see what can be done. What do you say to it?"

"Say to it, sir. What can I say but yes, and thank you for the offer."

"Very well, that's settled. Here we are, and there's our carriage. Give your checks to John there, and he'll bring your luggage to the house, along with ours. Show your gallantry, and hand Lucy into the carriage. Jump in. I'll drive."

The next day James Poulder, Esq., made his appearance at the Carters' in a state of elegance, only matched by that of Captain Cuttle's famous watch—never equalled, and rarely excelled. He was ushered into the drawing-room and received by a young lady, whose style suited even his fastidious taste, and whose features had a dim familiarity. When the judge came in, the young man's recognition of the farmer in the cars was complete. He stammered out an apology, but the old man relieved him.

"It could hardly have been expected that you should have known us," said the judge. "Let all that pass. You are quite welcome. As we have two hours before dinner, we'll go to the office and look over the papers together. Miss Carter will excuse you, meanwhile."

In the office Poulder found Bolling, who was busy at work on a declaration.

"Why, Frank, I thought you were going into the grocery business."

"I've changed my mine," replied Frank, resuming his work.

James Poulder stayed his week out, and then took the cars to Careysburg.

Frank Bolling did not make the same trip until two years after. When he went to visit his father, who had got over his pecuniary troubles, and to see his sisters. He had been admitted to the bar meanwhile, and Judge Carter, whose favorable impressions time had confirmed, had taken him into partnership. He had gone into another partnership, just before he left. He was in high spirits on that trip. He was not alone. Miss Lucy Carter, that had been, Mrs. Francis Bolling then, was his travelling companion.—*Thomas Dunn English, in Independent*.

"It's a fact, Lucy," rejoined the farmer.

The old man, who was evidently intelligent, entered into a general conversation with the younger, and soon showed that he was quite well informed. Bolling was glad of a conference so entertaining, especially when, as his eyes were bent in that direction, he saw the young lady was an interested, and he hoped, a pleased listener. There was something very sweet in the expression of her countenance—an unmistakable impress of modesty and innocence on her features. They chattered away, and the elder, so dexterously that the younger never perceived it, drew out of the other his position, prospects and intentions.

Bolling was frank by nature, and the questions of his interlocutor, who was as ingenious, were craftily put. The sharp granger soon learned that Frank Bolling had been engaged for some time in the practice of the law; but that his father having met with reverses, and having two younger daughters to educate, the young man determined to make his burden less, and had set out to support himself, abandoning his law studies, and taking a situation as salesman at a country store in Griffon, a thriving town about five miles from the main line.

"Thank you; you're very kind."

The brakeman craned his neck in the door, and uttered some sounds, apparently "Grittin Juxshn." which the experienced ear understood to be Griffon Junction, and the traveler for that point left the cars. Poulder made his way, with his luggage to the little hotel there, while the farmer and daughter followed by Bolling, made their to the single car, with a little superannuated engine attached, which stood waiting. There were no other passengers, and the three had the car to themselves.

"Come over here, Mr. Bolling," said the old man, after the car had been in motion a while, "I want to talk to you a bit. Turn down that seat. That will do. You said you had a letter for Judge Carter, and didn't intend to deliver it."

"I get but a beggarly pay, of course," said Frank, gayly. "I am only a raw hand, but I have a promise that, when I am better qualified, my wages will be increased."

WINE-MAKING IN CALIFORNIA.

Great Skill Required in Handling the Juice of the Grape.

In the field the grapes are picked by white men and Chinese, the latter being largely in the majority, says a California letter. To eastern eyes, accustomed to the training of grapes, the short, stocky vines have a peculiar look. The vine is pruned low, the main stem being only about a foot and a half from the ground. The single season's growth, however, is so rank that the young shoots make a dense crown of foliage that gives protection to the grapes which grow in clusters around the main trunk. The picker has a wooden box which will hold forty pounds of grapes and a sharp pruning knife. He squats on his haunches and rapidly cuts off the bunches of grapes and then moves his box to the next vine. Under the hot sun the work is laborious, but it is not so tiresome as cotton-picking. When the picker has filled a box he carries it to the road and piles it with other well-filled boxes. The maximum amount that a skillful man can pick in a day is a ton and a half, but the crop must be heavy to permit this. Every few hours the farmer with a large sack comes along and gathers the boxes of grapes.

Arrived at the wine-house the boxes are placed one by one on the long endless apron which carries them up to the hopper. Into this they are emptied, and an ingenious machine stems and crushes them. By a system of fan wheels that rotate in different directions, the grapes are stripped of the stems. These fall to one side, while the crushed grapes and juice fall into a trough beneath that conducts them to a large tank. Here the wine remains for several days until fermentation sets in. The skins rise to the top and are taken off and put into the wine press, while the wine is drawn off into another tank. By the application of hydraulic pressure, every particle is squeezed out of the skins, so that the pumice is as dry as a bit of bread. The greatest skill is required in the handling of the wine during the first few days. In some years—and this season is a good example—the grapes have an excess of sugar, so that fermentation must be assisted by artificial means. In other years sugar must be added. Any mistake made in this process injures the quality of the wine, and it is feared that the long delay in fermentation will damage much wine.

In the wine cellars may be seen the product of the winery. The cellars are carved out of the side hill, the longest being 140 feet, and all have a flooring of the artificial stone of which so many sidewalks are made in San Francisco. On either side as one walks through he sees enormous casks each containing from 1,000, 1,500 gallons of wine. The oak heads are polished until they give back the reflection of the candle light, and each bears in chalk the name of the wine and the year of vintage. Zinfandel, Malvoisie, Pinot, Burgundy, Sutedel, Burger—these are the names that most frequently meet the eye. The wine stored in these cellars is equivalent to a fortune. Most of it is two or three years old, and altogether there are 300,000 gallons. In this even temperature which stands at about fifty-eight degrees winter and summer the wine grows mellow. If all Napa wine-makers had the cellar capacity and the means to keep their wines for three or four years there would be less complaint of the quality of California wines, and there would be recorded fewer cases of failure on the part of wine-growers.

The business is endless in its demands on the pocket and the ingenuity of the wine-maker. The mere item of coöperation runs into the thousands of dollars, while a first-class cellar, capable of holding 100,000 gallons of wine, can not be constructed short of \$15,000. Then constant experiments are being made in the acclimation and blending of new foreign varieties, which cost money, and frequently result in nothing but the spoiling of a cask of wine. A man of large wealth could not do more for California than to establish a vineyard, import the best European varieties, and then make those costly experiments to test their adaptability to the fresh soils and new conditions. The small viticulturist can not do this, so he must remain content to make the wine which has been proved to be salable. The varieties of grapes that have been found most suitable for claret by Napa wine-makers are the Zinfandel, Mataro, Sauvignon Vert, black Burgundy, and Pinot. The Zinfandel is still the mainstay, but the Mataro and Sauvignon are rapidly coming into favor, while as a blend the Pinot outranks all others. For white wines the favorites are the Chasselas, Chasselas Fendantbleau, the Burger, and the Carignan. The Chasselas makes a wine known as Gutedel. When made from selected grapes and kept four or five years it would take a professional wine-taster to distinguish it from the best Rhine wines. The Carignan is a new grape which bids fair to make an excellent white wine. The burger, made by Beringer, leaves on the tongue the flavor of the grape, and there is no headache in it.

Space is lacking in this letter to do more than glance at the representative vineyards in this section. A place that is well worth visiting is five miles from St. Helena. An old wine-maker has carved his vineyard of one hundred acres out of the woods. He is in the thermal belt, which is free from frost and although his vines grow on the summit of the hills they are never blighted. He has all the choice foreign varieties, but he makes wine in more primitive fashion than any of his neighbors. Thus he employs a man to turn the machine that crushes the grapes and his presses are worked by hand. He claims that he can make wine in this way as fast as his grapes ripen, and that he can turn out a wine of a flavor superior to that produced by machine methods. It is certain that

most of his competitors admit that wine made from his mountain grapes has a more delicate flavor than that of the valley grapes. He has three cellars, rudely constructed, but they hold seventy-five thousand gallons of good wine.

Some Little Things.

The antenna, or feelers, of the grasshopper are long and threadlike; in the butterflies always end in a knob; in moths always taper to a point, although sometimes threadlike and sometimes much branched, forming a beautiful plume; in the beetles, sometimes fanlike, sometimes like a comb; and in other insects assuming still other forms. Insects' eyes are often colored beautifully. A horsefly's eyes are striped. Butterflies' eyes have usually a soft liquid coloring, and moths' eyes in the dark are like little fiery beads.

The mouths of insects, such as beetles, grasshoppers and dragon flies, have strong jaws for biting; flies, bugs, moths and butterflies have the mouth parts transformed into sucking organs, while bees, wasps and the like have both sucking organs for honey and biting organs for leaf-cutting, wood-tearing, etc., as was the case in the bumble bee.

Butterflies' wings and moths' wings are covered with little scales of a variety of shapes. These should be examined attached to the wing to show their arrangement, which is like that of shingles on a roof; but to show their form, they should be looked at when brushed from the wing onto a piece of glass. Many other peculiarities may be noticed in the wings of other kinds of insects.

Leds the same as the other organs, have various forms, markings and appendages, and so it is with the abdomen and its stings or its egg-laying apparatus. The hairs of "Woolly Bears" and caterpillars of that kind are peculiarly branched.

The four hind pairs of feet in caterpillars are armed each with a row of little hooks which are used in walking to get a firm hold. The larger caterpillars show the hooks best.

Sometimes you will find pretty insect eggs on the underside of leaves or on stems, and also little silken cocoons in similar places. If you are near a pondhole or an old hogscrub that collects rain water, you can find a good many little animals, some of them very frisky—young mosquitoes or "polywogs," water-fleas, cyclops, little worms, young dragon flies and lots of others. When you go to collect them take a small wide mouth bottle, and, having found a place where there is what you want, lower your bottle, mouth down, in the midst of them and when it is well under water turn the mouth upwards.—*Western Rural.*

Women in the Dairy.

It is becoming a serious question all over the world what occupation to put the young women at who for any cause fail to enter the marriage state. To our notion there is no calling so admirably adapted to the feminine genius as that of dairying—perhaps not in its broadest sense, as including farming and stock raising, but certainly in the way of making cheese and butter. If we had a bright young girl left to our care with the understanding that we were to find an occupation for her, and she had no personal objection to the occupation, we would certainly advise her to make a first-class cheese or butter maker of herself—not that she need do the work with her own hands, for a knowledge of how to teach others is far more valuable than the single work of an individual can be. Women have naturally the fine instincts of taste and smell that are inseparable from the finished dairyman or woman. She of all others knows what it is to be clean and neat about the appointments of the dairy room and the utensils used in handling the milk or making the cheese or butter. She of all others will know whether butter is made into enticing forms or enclosed in seductive packages. To be sure, she would not be a safe person to try and bart with by condemning her goods in order to cheapen them. Men are accustomed to such things, but without further experience she would be likely to fall back on her dignity early in the argument. There are so many points to raise in favor of women becoming expert makers of butter and cheese, and so few to oppose it, that we can hardly comprehend the cause that seems to ostracize them from this field of labor. Take butter making as a sample case, and there is no hard work attached to the business that cannot be performed by horse or steam power or the rough hands of the farm laborer. This nice work depends upon the keeping and manipulation of the cream and butter before it is packed. This, the most vital part, is peculiarly women's work and we think the world at large is losing one of its best powers in the most appropriate field while women are for some cause denied entrance to this work, so admirably adapted to their nature and their wants.—*Practical Farmer.*

PITH AND POINT.

Formerly the foolish virgins had no oil; now they are too free with the keroseene.—*Hackensack Republican.*

It is fortunate for the cats that women can't purr. It would be a cold day for the cats if they could.—*Puck.*

Before many quarters of the moon pass, our town will be ripped with a matrimonial cyclone.—*Grandview Monitor.*

One of the greatest trials this country could have would be to compel it to eat all the food it produces.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

There is only \$6.50 in the treasury of the Sandwich islands. No howling about the surplus out there.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The country is so full of pretty city girls just now that farmers' sons have no inclination to leave the farm.—*Philadelphia Call.*

While we will not have so many corn ears this year as we have had in some others, we will have more nubbins.—*Peroria Transcript.*

The man who tries to deadhead his hedges in Colorado. When Joquist encounters the樵夫, he will see that it is no joke.—*Alla California.*

Verily, what shall it profit a man who goeth on a cheap excursion if he gain 73 cents car fare and be jammed into inclemency?—*Buffalo Express.*

Justice does not need a bandage over her eyes in Rowan county. The despots have been using her optics for targets.—*Louisville Commercial.*

In telling people how to live to be 100 years old Prof. Proctor omits one sure method, namely—get sentenced to be hanged as a Chicago anarchist.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

To simplify the concealed-weapon law, why not pass a law making it a felony for a tailor to build a pair of pantaloons with a hip-pocket attachment?—*Memphis Avalanche.*

"Yes," sighed the young wife, "I married a paragraphist, and I wish I hadn't." "Why?" asked her friend. "Because he reads all his work to me before he puts it in the paper."—*Boston Courier.*

The logic of Texas in olden times may not have been so rhetorical as it is now, but it was more convincing. The man whose argument went off first generally left him sole survivor of the field.—*Texas Colonel.*

Now they are after the members of Chicago's council. Dear, dear, what a wicked place that village by the lake must be. It is badly in need of the regenerative influence of Canadian ozone.—*St. Paul Globe.*

St. Louis has not hung Maxwell, and Chicago has thus far failed to suspend the anarchists. There are too many unhung hangs in this country; the unskinned kisses don't make so much difference.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Mr. Millionaire, there is no need of taking your daughter to Europe in order that she may marry in title. For \$3,000 a man can be ennobled in Hawaii, and a Hawaiian title is just as good as any.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

The feeble struggles of the aborigines of later times are but the dying kicks of savagery, by which those who would rather die than attempt to live under the new order of things invite their own destruction. Indian uprisings will soon be things of the past.—*Omaha Bee.*

Habits of Industry.

Among the greatest misfortunes that come to any one are habits of idleness, and among the greatest blessings that can come to any one are habits of industry. Idleness is not confined to the low and degraded, the men and women of loathsome and forbidden appearance whose very presence is an advertisement of their vicious life. There are many persons living in the midst of abundance whose lives are of but little use in the world because they only consume or waste what others provide, and contribute nothing to the general stock of human welfare. There are thousands of young men and young women who never earn a single dollar by producing it by real labor of any kind. They allow themselves to be wholly dependent on the industry and resources of parents or friends. As a rule, their lives are of correspondingly little value.

Every young person, boy or girl, young man or young woman, should learn to become independent by learning to make his or her own living. It does not follow that they must leave home if the resources of their homes are abundant, but they should learn to be independent and work their own way, and so be equipped if disaster or need should come.

Industry is God's order. He commands industry, and he hates idleness. God himself is the busiest worker in the universe. The eternal Mind and the eternal Hand are ever busy in creating and sustaining the millions of worlds and in caring for their innumerable inhabitants.

'Handsome Is That Handsome Does.'

A famous lady who once reigned in Paris society was so very homely that her mother said one day, "My poor child, you are too ugly for any one to fall in love with you." From this time Madame de Cercourt began to be very kind to the pauper children of the village, the servants of the household, and even the birds that hopped about the garden walks. She was always distressed if she happened to be unable to render a service. This good will toward everybody made her the idol of the city. Though her complexion was sallow and her gray eyes were small and sunken, yet she held in devotion to her the greatest men of her time. Her unselfish interest in others made her, it is said, perfectly irresistible. Her life furnishes us a valuable lesson.

No Time for Objection.

"No intelligent man," says a Michigan contemporary, "objects to any man becoming rich." Of course he doesn't. He just devotes all his energies to getting on the soft side of that man.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Virtue Alone is Successful.

The success of vicious and immoral women is only spasmodic, and always unsatisfactory, and a doubtful reputation always follows them wherever they go. If virtue and worth sometimes suffer and rest under a cloud, these qualities are certain to bring their reward in the long run. There is no society so frivolous or base that a true and pure woman is not respected and admired.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

A Relic of Aaron Burr.

Among the early morning fires which claimed the attention of the department was one which indirectly recalled an interesting chapter in the history of the metropolis. The outbreak was in the old brick building at No. 25 Center street, at present the abode of a dealer in plumbing supplies. It was caused by an overheated stove, and did \$1,000 damage. The firemen, who penetrated a dozen feet into the building, were amazed to find themselves confronted by a solid iron wall. They were trying to find a way to get on the other side, when the discovery was made that the iron wall was the side of a mighty reservoir, containing water enough to drown the biggest sort of a fire.

This tank is all that is left of Aaron Burr's characteristic swindle, the Manhattan Water Company, under the cloak of which the Legislature in 1798 chartered a formidable Republican rival of the two then existing banks, both of which were under the thumb of Alexander Hamilton. Burr's political arch enemy. The concern never made more than a pretense of carrying water. But the pretense must be kept up, and to this day the charter of the great Bank of the Manhattan Company in Wall street hinges on this old reservoir. Its destruction last night might have precipitated a financial mudslide by the sudden lapse of the bank's charter, for the two would have ceased to exist together. No harm was done to it, however, and the bank is safe.

The old tank fills up the entire middle of the building. It is 37½ feet in diameter, and built on an arched brick foundation extended from the cellar to the roof of the building. The rainwater from the roof and a pump under the sidewalk in Beale street keep it always filled. Probably not one in ten of the many who daily go out and in the building, wondering at the cramped space within, suspect the existence of the reservoir in which 100 men might be drowned and no one be the wiser.—*New York Mail and Express.*

Remembered his Promise. More than a year ago the Russian Grand Duke Michael at a Parisian supper party lost a philopena to his neighbor at the table, the well-known artist, Rosa Bonheur. "What shall I give you?" he asked, and she answered, "Something alive, that I can paint." The whole affair was forgotten by her, when one day recently she received three superb white bears from Siberia, so perfectly trained that she can use them to the greatest advantage as models. It had taken a year to complete their education.

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It may interest the superstitious to note that both Gladstone and Bismarck were born on Friday. Of noted men of the past who came into the world on that day of the week, may be mentioned Luther, Sir Isaac Newton, George Washington and Winfield Scott.

A Yacht Woman. Mrs. Holmes of Cincinnati, who has just reached home after a 3,000-mile yacht cruise through the great lakes, managed her own yacht during the entire trip.

Mill Stones of Glass.

Glass mill stones consist usually of eight sections of glass fastened together by the use of strips of wood nine millimeters wide, to which the glass is cemented. After cementing the parts together a piece of wood three centimeters broad and one thick is cemented about the outer circumference of the stone, reaching to its entire height. This increases the cohesion of the stones and makes the attachment of the outer iron hoop more easy. This iron hoop is fastened by means of fifty wooden screws to the wooden hoop about five millimeters below the grinding surface and in such manner as to admit of easy removal without breaking. The eye of the stone, as well as the indirect grinding surface, consists of pure cement. A ring in the aperture at the center insures durability and strength at that point. The glass grinding surface has a mild grip of roughness, which it never entirely loses.

A dressmaker's millstone is employed similar to that used on sweetwater-quartz stones, and the glass stones must be dressed as carefully and often as French stones, though the work is easier. Those who think the surface will hold ten to fifteen years without dressing are laboring under a great mistake.—*Berliner Mutter Zeitung.*

The members of a church at Hartwell, Ga., were discussing what they had done to help the cause of religion along during the year, when one good brother, whose cotton crop had turned out better than he expected, said: "I came very near promising the Lord at planting time that I would give him \$1 for every bale of cotton I should make this year, but, brethren, if I had done so the Lord would have got me."

A righter of wrongs is, as a rule, even more poorly paid than a writer of poetry.—*New Haven News.*

A messenger-boy's diary—Monday hired; Tuesday, tired; Wednesday, fired.—*Newark Sunday Call.*

The maxim that "heat expands and cold contracts" does not apply to coal dealers' bills.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

HIS PHOTO.

The venerable benefactor of mankind, intent upon his good works, is known as we see him here. His familiar face and good form have become a trade mark, and the good he has done is illustrated in the following marvelous instance: Jan. 17, 1883, George C. Osgood & Co., druggists, Lowell, Mass., wrote: "Mr. Lewis Dennis, No. 136 Moody st., desires to recommend St. Jacobs Oil to any afflicted with rheumatism, and desires especially to say that Orrin Robinson, 136 Grantville, Mass., a boy of 12 years, came to his house in the summer of 1881 walking upon crutches, his left leg having been bent at the knee for over two months and could not be bent back. He could not walk upon it. Mr. Dennis had some St. Jacobs Oil in the house and gave it to him to rub on his knee. In six days he had no use for his crutches and went home well without them, and after a week he could walk on his bent leg. He is now a strong, healthy boy, and is engaged in work every day."

The name of a man under arrest for murder in Philadelphia is Killer.

Firs—An Fix stopped free by Dr. Kilmer's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fix after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kilmer, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The name of a man under arrest for murder in Philadelphia is Killer.

One of every five we meet has some form of Heart Disease and is in constant danger of sudden death. Dr. Kilmer's OCEAN-WEED HEART REMEDY regulates, corrects and cures.

Price \$1.00—bottles \$2.00.

The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, DEC. 29, 1887.

St. JOSEPH county joined the prohibition column, at her local option election on Tuesday, by 1000 to 1200 majority. Ten counties have now voted under the local option law, and every one of them has given a majority against the longer continuance of the saloon—Hillsdale, Branch, St. Joseph, Van Buren, Barry, Isabella, Grand Traverse, Benzie, Antrim and Leelanau. This has all been accomplished in about one month, and several other counties will vote with like probable result within another month. While prohibition is thus marching rapidly on under the county option law, the prohibition party organ, The Center, grumbles and scolds and criticises, and discourages the work as much as it can. Happily, the voters pay little attention to The Center, considering it either so bigotedly partisan or so hypocritical that its utterances have no value. Professing sole devotion to the attainment of prohibition, it scours every effort in that direction that does not follow its lead, and when such splendid achievement is shown as announced above, it carps and cavils and insinuates, and plainly shows its wish to discourage the adoption of prohibition in the counties. We rejoice that it is unable to do that.

The temptation to use shoddy will disappear when wool is no more costly than rags. The Sentinel says there will be no more temptation when we have free trade in wool. Free trade then will bring wool to a level with shoddy. Pretty near right we guess in that. But here's the Ann Arbor Democrat which says free trade makes wool higher and woolen goods cheaper, and just boils over with enthusiasm for President Cleveland, for discovering the fact that high raw material makes cheap goods. Per contra, President Cleveland urges free, therefore cheaper, raw material in order that our manufacturers may compete on the lower level of European prices. A pretty kettle of fish this makes, to be sure. What ails our free trade friends, anyhow? Was it Blaine's bomb by cable that threw them into such confusion? Only truth, friends, is consistent with itself in all its developments.

DEATH comes alike to the high and the lowly, and alike in seasons of festivity and in seasons of anxiety. Hon. Daniel Manning, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, died at his home in Albany, Saturday afternoon—Christmas eve. Telegrams of sympathy and condolence from the President and many in high official and social station reach the afflicted wife, but they cannot make her burden light, and neither is her burden heavier nor her loss greater than that of many another in humble station to whom no messages come.

The ranks of the new Congress are very early invaded by the messenger who respects no station. The Hon. Seth C. Moffatt, Representative from the 11th district of Michigan, whose serious illness from carbuncle on the lip was announced last week, died on Thursday, from blood poisoning, and the remains were returned to his home at Traverse City, at the public expense. His wife, who had not gone to the capital, was summoned by telegraph, but could not arrive in time to see him alive. Mr. Moffatt was a republican, and the district will undoubtedly choose a republican to fill the vacancy, at a special election soon to be held; but the haste with which aspiring candidates or their friends paraded their "claims" in the newspapers before the dead man's body could be sent home, was most unseemly.

IN Atlanta, the liquor license is \$1500, and every saloon must have its entrance upon a public street, with no screens, blinds, or other obstruction to the view from the street. Whenever a person shall have been twice convicted of intoxication, his name and description are furnished to the saloons, and sale to him within one year thereafter works forfeiture of license. Although prohibition under local option failed of readoption in Atlanta, it is plain that the saloon as it was, and as it still is in Michigan, cannot again exist there.

It makes us want to be rich, to read about Gov. Alger furnishing a thousand and poor families with wood and coal and a barrel of flour each, and hundreds of needy newsboys with suits of clothes. The value of such an example upon society is great, in addition to the direct cheer that the gifts confer.

AN article in the forthcoming North American Review, treating of Cleveland and his free-trade message, says:

In comprehension, as in courage, he resembles the school boy. Dogmatic and positive where a competitor free trader would be most vague and uncertain, he disregards obsolete and discarded theories while clinging to economic arms of precision no more than a Queen Anne musket resembles a modern rifle. Both protectionists and intelligent free traders are perfectly aware of the president's supposition that prices of protected products are as a rule enhanced by the rate of export of protective duties. The president is built on this single false assumption, abandoned years ago by even moderately informed free trader.

This is almost precisely what The Ypsilantian said on the same subject, the week that the message appeared, and which some of our neighbors thought presumptuous and absurd.

If the administration thinks we are going to accept Mr. Dickinson's appointment to the postmaster-generalship in exchange for the privilege of selling our wood and salt and lumber and iron and copper in the United States, we propose to file a protest right here and now. We are duly sensible, we trust, of the honor conferred upon our state by a representation from the illustrious Cabinet of President Cleveland; but if we are expected to pay for it at such a price, we prefer to forego the honor. Our sheep husbandry, our salt and lumber industries, and our iron and copper interests, are each and all too important, and have been

developed at too great cost, now to surrender the markets to British producers. Mr. Cleveland can take his postoffice to Texas or South Carolina, but he must keep his hands off our farms and shops and mills and mines.

Quite Correct.

Ypsilantian Sentinel.

We will not admit into our columns the utterances of "Sam Jones," wherein sacred names are treated with levity, and coupled with frivolous remarks. The sensational preachers do as much, or more, to destroy reverence for sacred things as the profane swearers.

This is the Shibboleth.

Syracuse Journal.

A protective tariff and an honest ballot-box are the only two issues for 1888.—Chicago Journal.

Add to these, protected homes,—for the evils which assail our homes render the protective tariff useless to the labor and corrupting to the ballot-box as well.

The Tribune a Little Off.

E. W. Pendleton, attorney for the Detroit tower company, yesterday in response to an inquiry said that the suit had been contemplated since early last spring, but the bill filed recently was at the instance of the mayor of Ypsilanti, who wanted the case disposed of before the city paid for the plant. He exhibited a letter dated March 22, 1887, signed by John S. Adams, manager of the Jenney Company, begging that the threatened suits be not begun.—Tribune.

The above refers to the suit brought against the city of Ypsilanti by the Detroit Electric Tower Co. for infringement.

The facts of the case are these: Mr. Wells W. Leggett, President of the Detroit company, wrote, Nov. 25th, to the Mayor and Council of Ypsilanti, to the effect that he understood from the papers that they were about to erect towers in the city and that thereby they would infringe on certain patents which the company he represented owned, that he was going to commence suit against Bay City and would also do so against Ypsilanti if he erected the towers.

In acknowledging the receipt of the letter, Mayor Cornwell informed the gentleman that the towers were erected and would be lighted up on Saturday, Dec. 3, adding, "Go ahead with your suit against the city, right away. I want the matter settled." This is all there is in the matter and the public can judge between the Tribune's statement and the facts. The city purchased the plant and the lawsuits all in the one contract and the Mayor, no doubt, thought that the first flash from those towers would be a good answer to the summons of the court. It is well understood in Ypsilanti that Mayor Cornwell is not easily blinded. Why Mr. Adams should be mentioned in the same connection is difficult to tell as he had no reference to the Ypsilanti case. It is understood that the same man invented the Detroit Co.'s tower and the Jenney tower.

The Detroit Journal Boycott.

The Detroit News has declared war upon its successful competitor, the Detroit Journal, and has sent peremptory orders to news agents and dealers throughout the state, telling them they must drop the Detroit Journal.¹ This boycott is proving a bonanza for the Journal, for the majority of people do not like the idea of being bulldozed.

The Detroit Free Press recently published the following editorial upon the subject:

It is a frequent boast of the Evening News that it has a large circulation, and that this circulation has been attained on the merits of the paper; that is, as it has also paid it, that the paper is a success. The paper succeeds by desire it and because they think it worth the money. It is natural and proper that the News should make every legitimate effort which it thinks will enable it to hold its circulation and prevent the encroachments of a rival establishment which has similar goods to sell. It appears from what the Evening News says, and it is to the point, that even if denied, the News not content with legitimate efforts, has resorted to the "boycott" as a means of strengthening its own position and oppressing that of its competitor, and is the method of conscious strength and power, and is wholly inconsistent with the logic of the News. If its wares are better than those of the Journal, making some play it better than the competitor, the competition which sales from the news stands afford; if they are not as good, no withdrawal of the privilege of the "boycott" from offering newsagents who sell the Journal, can reverse the growth and sale of the latter. It is almost incredible that the News is so blind as not to see that no policy could be better calculated to ruin it afternoon contemporary than the one it is pursuing.—Detroit Free Press, Dec. 21, 1887.

Coal and Coke.

Another Splendid Christmas and New Years' Annual for 1888. The Latest and Best of the Rock Island Series.

Thousands who have perused with delighted interest the pages of "Watt Stephens, the Genius of Steam" (1885), "Valtagal, the Genius of Electricity" (1886), and "Petroleum and Natural Gas" (1887), will be pleased to know that the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway will issue another magnificent souvenir for the Christmas and New Year season of 1888, which surpasses in many respects, anything of the kind heretofore published. "Coal and Coke" is the title of the work, and the subject has been exhaustively treated. It is written in a captivating colloquial style, embodying a vast amount of information in regard to coal strata; their relative position in the earth's crust; where deposits occur, their nature and extent; the different processes of underground mining; how coal is converted into coke, and some of its varied and multiple uses.

The book is profusely illustrated from original sketches. Although the expense has been very great, the Rock Island has concluded to supply "Coal and Coke" at the nominal rate of ten cents (for postage) per copy. Enclose your address plainly written (also ten cents in stamps) to E. A. Holbrook, General Ticket and Passenger Agent at Chicago, Ills., and a copy of "Coal and Coke," will be mailed to you, prepaid, to any part of the world.

Father can give his young son no better present than a year's reading of the Scientific American. Its contents will lead the young mind in the path thought, and if he treads there awhile, he'll forget frivolities and be of some account, and if he has an inventive or mechanical turn of mind, this paper will afford him more entertainment, as well as useful information, than he can obtain elsewhere.

New Flour & Feed Store

RATHFON BROS.

have opened a new Flour and Feed Store in the building on Washington Street lately occupied by Bennett's livery, where they are prepared to buy and sell all kinds of

GRAIN AND FEED

A scale has been erected in front, and their facilities are first-class.

They solicit a share of the patronage, and invite all to come in and see them.

First National Bank, Ypsilanti

PAID UP CAPITAL, \$75,000.

OFFICERS:

D. L. QUIRK, Pres. CHAS. KING, Vice-Pres.

W. L. PACK, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

D. L. QUIRK, L. A. BARNES,

E. F. UHL, C. S. WORTLEY,

CHAS. KING, S. H. DODGE.

T. S. ANDERSON, Ptos. J. K. BURNHAM, V. P.

R. S. MASON, Cashier.

FOUR per cent. Interest paid on Savings Deposits.

Directors—R. A. Alger, T. S. Anderson, M. S. Smith, Hugh McMillan, F. J. Heckler, W. K. Anderson, R. S. Mason, C. L. Freer, G. H. Russell, W. C. McMillan, J. K. Burnham, H. C. Parke. Attorneys—Walker & Walker.

NEW FIRM!!

Having recently purchased the Photograph business of Mr. A. J. Clark, we wish to call the attention of the people of Ypsilanti to the fact that we are prepared to do the best of

PHOTOGRAPH WORK

At the low price for Cabinets of \$2.50 per dozen. We guarantee satisfaction and the finest of work. Call at our studio and see samples. Soliciting a share of your patronage, we are. Yours respectfully,

NICHOSON & ANDERSON.

Hickory & Ash Timber

I will pay \$12.00 per cord, cash, for good Second Growth Hickory Butts, suitable for Axe Handles, delivered at my shop south of depot, Ypsilanti.

Good Second Growth Ash, suitable for Whiffietrees, Neck-Yokes, etc., also wanted.

6921st C. W. DICKINSON.

E. SAMSON,

Is now receiving

CHRISTMAS

GOODS

MORE BEAUTIFUL

AND

Cheaper Than Ever.

ARE YOU GOING TO BUILD?

Or do you think of using

Lumber or Paint

In large or small quantities?

If you do you should call at once on

S.W. PARSONS & CO.

DEALERS IN

BUILDING MATERIAL

AND

Carpenter's Supplies of all kinds!

Lumber Yard and Factory north of Public Squars, east side; Branch Office and Paint Depot, Worden Block, Huron Street.

Wallace & Clarke's

Christmas Stock is large and complete and comprises

FOOT RESTS, FANCY CHAIRS,

OTTOMANS, MARBLE-TOP TABLES,

EASY CHAIRS, HAT RACKS,

LIBRARY TABLES, BEDROOM SUITS,

RATTAN ROCKERS, LOUNGES,

PARLOR SUITS, DIVANS, ETC.

REED CHAIRS, BOOK CASES,

OFFICE DESKS, MUSIC CABINETS,

LADIES' PARLOR DESKS, PIER MIRRORS,

FIRE SCREENS, UNIVERSAL TRIPODS,

PICTURES AND PICTURE FRAMES

COLONIAL CHAIRS, OFFICE CHAIRS,

EXTENSION TABLES, EASELS,

SIDEBOARDS, CARD TABLES,

STANDING AND HANGING CABINETS,

MEDICINE CABINETS, BRACKETS,

TURCOMAN CURTAINS, BRASS STANDS,

BAMBOO EASELS, BLACKING CASES,

SLEIGH RUNNERS FOR BABY WAGONS,

SLEIGHS, COASTERS,

CHILDREN'S CHAIRS & ROCKERS.

To make room for new goods we offer the following goods as below:

One Fine Oak Bedroom Suit, - - - \$90, regular price, \$125

One Fine Oak Cabinet, - - - 20, " 28

One Fine Oak Cabinet, - - - 19, " 27

One Fine Imitation Mahogany Cyl. Book Case, 29, " 33

One Fine Imitation Mahogany Book Case, 7, " 10

One Walnut Library Table, - - - 13, " 20

One Walnut Library Table, - - - 10, " 18

One Wardrobe Folding Bed, - - - 25, " 40

One Wardrobe Folding Bed, - - - 18, " 30

One Painted Bedroom Suit, 9 pieces, very fine, 35, " 50

One Walnut Sideboard, - - - 24, " 35

One Imitation Mahogany Sideboard, - - - 25, " 40

One Music Cabinet, - - - 8, " 12

One Music Cabinet, - - - 7, " 10

One Im. Mahogany, Pillar Ex. Table, 10 ft., 14, " 20

THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1887.

WOMEN have a tendency toward anarchy. They blow up their husbands.

FORDHAM, the jockey, selected for the inscription on his coffin, "It is the pace that kills."

The "Wild East" is now the rage in London. There are camels and dancing girls and dervishes and things.

The roasted chestnut season has set in with great severity. The unroasted variety we have always with us.

It is not often that a man is President and King at the same time, but Mr. King is President of the Erie Railroad.

The man who gave away every cent he had at a recent church social says he is down on socialism from this time forth.

NOTICE to foreign assassins—if you don't behave yourself when you come from Europe, you will speedily go to your rope.

SAM SMALL says the Lord never made a drunkard. True. But he furnishes excellent raw material for their manufacture.

The recent suicide in Chicago jail recalls the remark of Mr. Bacon: "Oh, that man will put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains."

MRS. MARK HOPKINS (\$25,000,000) married Mr. Searle, the architect of her \$5,000,000 house. Mr. Searle is also the architect of his own fortunes.

It is time for those slurs on the mother-in-law to stop. A Washington lady gave to her newly-married daughter an income of \$30,000 a year.

A THIEF who was arrested for making away with the stock of a dealer in photographs said that it was the first time he knew it was criminal to take photographs.

ROBERT HALL, the murderer, now in Moyamensing prison, has been gorging himself on mintes pies. He probably thought that was as effective a way of escaping the gallows as the use of a bomb.

The latest way of getting a drink is to have a firm send a jug of whisky, by express c. o. d. with the privilege of examination. The drink comes in during the examination. The jug is sent back.

THE colored state fair at Fort Worth, Tex., proved to be rather slim in respect to the usual features of a state fair, but there were two base ball clubs, two brass bands, and two military companies present, and these with the horse races, made the occasion all that was deserved.

One of the choicest hits of the season is Marshall P. Wilder's torch which he makes an Irishman drink to an Englishman: "Here's to you as good as you are and here's to me as bad as I am, but as good as you are and as bad as I am, I'm as good as you are as bad as I am."

An eccentric Bostonian named R. H. Eddy bequeathed \$30,000 to the city of Portsmouth, N. H., for a bronze equestrian statue of Fitz John Porter. He also stated in a codicil that he wished the dedication to take place on some anniversary of the battle of Malvern Hill. Accordingly, if the work can be completed, the unveiling will take place about July 1.

THE world's supply of red cedar used in the manufacture of lead-pencils is derived from the swamps of Cedar Key, in Florida. The product of the mills there is shipped not only to northern but to European factories. The industry gives employment to hundreds of operatives. The wood also yields a valuable oil, and the sawdust is distilled and the oil extracted. Every ounce finds a ready sale.

A WRITER in *The Epoch* thinks English girls are superior to American girls in the knowledge of housekeeping. The daughters of farmers are excepted, and the remark is applied to the children of merchantile and professional men. In England girls are trained to relieve their mothers of many of the duties of housekeeping. Boardinghouse life interferes with this important matter in this country.

HENRY LABOUCHERE, member of parliament and journalists is rather below the average size, and wears a short-cut, somewhat grizzly beard. His dress is unstudied, not to say careless, and he sits around his piazza in easy-fitting shoes smoking cigarettes, all the time he is not at work in his office or at the house of parliament. Mr. Labouchere lives in Pope's Villa, Strawberry Hill, just outside of London, and his clock tower may be seen by excursionists on the Thames.

THE Sultan of Morocco is (or was) much married; to the extent of some 1,500 wives. His chief instrument for maintaining domestic discipline is (or was) a b-cycle. This machine was presented to him by a French manufacturer. Of course his majesty never would learn to ride it himself. But he had a circular track laid out in his courtyard, and whenever any of his wives were guilty of misdemeanors he made them go out there and ride the wheel. The least offender had to keep at it till she had fallen off five times, while the worst culprits had twenty-five falls to make. Meantime his majesty would stand by and watch them with ghoulish glee.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From all Parts of the World.

EAST.

The sensational Hildreth trial at Cleveland has ended with acquittal of the defendant, though the vote of the investigating committee in his favor was not unanimous.

There were 261 business failures in the United States during last week, and 29 in Canada.

At Zanesville, Ohio, William George was found guilty of the murder of James Scott and sentenced to be hanged.

A number of the President's friends in Buffalo have presented the city with his portrait, which has been placed in the mayor's office.

A general strike is threatened among the employees of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad company.

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During the coming session of the Dominion parliament the subject of commercial union with the United States will be introduced in the House of Commons.

At New York, Tuesday, President Dexter, of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Road, was notified by legal process that Henry S. Ives had begun legal process against him for false arrest for \$100,000 damages.

TUESDAY at Cincinnati Judge Sage postponed the trial of Benjamin E. Hopkins, of the late Fidelity National Bank, until Jan. 10. District Attorney Burnet announced that a considerable addition to the assets was about to be made by the payment of 50 per cent of amounts due from Whately, Fassler & Co., and the Champion Machine Works.

Mr. Sherman gave notice that he would address the Senate on the subject of the President's message after the holidays.

for tradesmen to facilitate the sale of goods by offering purchasers an inducement to buy in the way of prizes or gifts to accompany the articles sold.

A very sensational scene occurred at the trial of the Barrett brothers for the murder of Tolleson in Minneapolis. Henry Barrett, a brother of the accused, was called to the witness stand, and told the story of the crime, which he said they had committed at the instigation of their mother, who, he declared was responsible for the criminal actions of her sons.

It is estimated that as many as sixty persons perished from hunger and cold during the prevalence of the recent blizzard in Kansas.

The jury in the St. John-Dell-Freer conspiracy case, in Chicago returned a verdict of not guilty as to all the defendants in accordance with the instructions of the court. They were indicted in connection with the escape from the Cook county jail of the Bodder McGarigle.

Bishop Carbery, of Hamilton, Ontario, who went abroad to attend the papal jubilee recently.

that forty-nine governments have agreed to take part in a conference at Brussels, called to consider the establishment of an office for the translation and exchange of legislative documents of all countries.

The Bulgarian minister of war has demanded a credit in order to purchase 100,000 rifles.

Gladstone has refused to take part in the international arbitration movement.

The prize-fight which took place in France, between Smith, the English pugilist, and Jake Kilrain of Baltimore, was decided a draw. One hundred and six rounds were fought, and the battle lasted two and a half hours. It is evident from the result that the pauper pugilists of the old world will stand no sort of a show against that glorious exponent of the American idea, John L. Sullivan, of Boston.

Two men were killed in a riot at Gentry, Tennessee, which had its origin in a quarrel between white and colored workmen.

A California woman has established a claim in the Mexican courts to a tract of land in Lower California, including a portion of the town of Ensenada, which is valued at \$1,000,000.

Gernon's printing office and bookbindery at New Orleans were damaged by fire Wednesday night to the extent of \$30,000.

Charles Arnold, lately assistant cashier in the bank of S. A. Keen & Co., Chicago, was sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the penitentiary for embezzlement. The case is an exceptionally sad one, and the punishment is the lightest possible under the law.

A prisoner named Waterman was recently shot and killed while attempting to escape from the jail at Waynesville, Missouri.

The taking of testimony was begun in Chicago Thursday, in Judge Collins' court, in the conspiracy case growing out of the escape of W. J. McGarigle from the custody of the sheriff.

Major W. W. Van Antwerp, postmaster at Jackson, Michigan, died at his residence in that city Thursday morning.

The business portion of the town of Lowell, Indiana, was destroyed by fire.

Judge Gresham denied the application to postpone the payment of the Wabash coupons.

Work has begun on the international bridge which is to span the Rio Grande between Eagle Pass, Texas, and Piedras Negras, Mexico.

The authorities of Montana are about to remove the quarantine against Illinois, excepting only the scheduled districts in Cook county.

Three trainmen were fatally injured by a collision on the St. Paul road at Jackson Junction, Iowa, recently.

At Joliet, Ill., Tuesday, the wall of a new five-story building, known as the Barber block, fell in, instantly killing William Stage, a contractor, and John Palmer, a workman. Five others were seriously injured.

The town of Weeping Water, Neb., was almost destroyed by fire Monday night. The loss is placed at \$25,000, with small insurance.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

The Secretary of the Navy has received instructions from Secretary Fairchild to be on the alert for the Belgian miners whom, it is alleged, the Lehigh valley coal operators are about to bring into the country, and to see that no violations of the alien labor contract are committed.

The loss caused by the naphtha explosion at Rochester, New York, will amount to more than \$200,000. The number of casualties resulting from it can not be accurately estimated, but it is known that four men were instantly killed and that many persons were injured.

In the billiard contest at Boston McKenna made a run of 2,121 points which beats all previous records except his own of the day before.

In a three-ball carrom billiard-match at Boston between Eames, of that city, and McKenna, of Detroit, the latter made a run of 2,497, which is far the best record ever made.

It is reported that Archbishop Williams of Boston, will be elevated to the cardinalate.

Ex-Secretary Manning's illness is of such a serious nature that it is hardly possible that he can recover.

The uncompromising attitude of the flint-glass manufacturers at their meeting in Pittsburgh, will lead, it is thought, to a protracted struggle between them and their striking employees.

Secretary Whitney has ordered a naval vessel to be sent after the big Nova Scotia raft which was lost in a storm recently, and which is supposed to be drifting in the track of European steamers.

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POLITICAL POINTS.

Major J. M. Wright, of Louisville, Kentucky, has been appointed marshal of the United States Supreme Court, to succeed Col. J. G. Nicolay, who retires in order to devote himself to literary work.

At a meeting of the Tammany hall Democrats in New York, resolutions were adopted urging upon the national committee the advisability of holding the National Democratic Convention in New York City.

The introduction of the holiday recess resolution in the Senate gave rise to a violent attack upon the administration by Mr. Plumb. Mr. Beck suggested that it was hardly the occasion for a discussion of the President's policy, and then called attention to some of the glaring errors in the speech of the Kansas Senator. A running debate followed that had very little bearing upon the resolution, which was finally carried by a vote of 37 to 16.

In the Senate, a bill was passed providing for the appointment by the President of a Fish Commissioner at a salary of \$5,000.

The Virginia Legislature Tuesday elected John S. Barbour, United States Senator, to succeed Mr. Riddlebar. Barbour received 87 votes, to 48 for Malone.

The following Illinois postmasters were nominated by the President: Isaac Fielding, Champaign; E. L. Stewart, Carlin; W. J. Drices, Lewistown, and Morris S. McCoy, Polo.

All but three of the St. Louis election fraud cases have been disposed of. Though nearly one hundred men were indicted, but one has been sent to the penitentiary and one to jail.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

A passenger train on the Minnesota & Northwestern railroad was derailed near Leaf River, Illinois, and thrown down an embankment. The accident was caused by the spreading of the track. About forty persons were injured.

Henry Pelt and his fellow bootblowers have been denied bail by the appellate court in Chicago and their case will come up for hearing on January 25.

Over 42,000 was found secreted in the bed of a dead miser by the deputy coroner at Minneapolis.

Burglars blew open the safe in the Farmers' State bank at Cincinatti, Michigan, thus destroying a large number of valuable papers.

The South Carolina legislature has passed a law making it a misdemeanor

MICHIGAN.

Condensed Reports of the Latest News from all Parts of the State.

—Gov. Luce has resigned as Master of the State Grange. Thomas Mars of Berrien Springs takes the place.

—The National Merino Sheep Register Association has closed its session at Jackson, re-electing the present officers.

—Thieves are running Detroit. The depredations are chiefly small, but are proving very aggravating to residents.

—Frederick K. Stearns, President of the Detroit ball club, has tendered his resignation, owing to the pressure of other business.

—The lumber cut at Cheboygan, for the season just ended, is estimated at 115,000,000 feet. This is 20,000,000 in excess of 1886, and is the largest cut on record.

—Sylvanus Daniels has been held by a Coroner's jury as guilty of the murder of L. White at Flushing. The crime was committed to secure possession of a deed for thirty acres of land.

—Prof. J. F. Loba, of Olivet College, has been called to the First Presbyterian Church of Kalamazoo, vacated by the Rev. Dr. G. F. Huntington, who becomes President of the Alma Presbyterian College.

—The Michigan State Sunday school convention at Kalamazoo elected the Rev. Washington Gordon of Albion, President for the next year, and E. W. Rich, Big Rapids, Secretary. The State will be reorganized by counties.

—Mary Reilly, once the wife of a well-known Captain, and with prominent relatives through the State, was found in a destitute and dying condition in the habitation of a disipated negro, with whom she has been living.

—Charles Blocke, of Millington, in the drug business, Town Clerk, Sunday-school Superintendent, American Express agent, and trustee for a milling company, has disappeared for unknown reasons. His accounts are supposed to be straight.

—The total product in 1886, the year salt was first inspected in Michigan, was \$61,288 barrels, and since then the State has turned out 38,844,778 barrels. Previous to that 3,232,117 barrels had been manufactured. So that the State has really produced 41,326,895 barrels of salt during its history.

—Mrs. Alexander Yarsen, wife of a

Her Poor Cousin.

"Really, Corinne, you are too harsh with your cousin; remember she is the child of your dead father's sister."

"I can't help it, mamma; the girl is a burden to us and you know it."

"I should think she was rather—a help," said Mrs. Stanley, toying idly with her fork and knife. "She certainly dresses your hair for you and performs other little duties that you could not do yourself."

"Oh, I know she tries to earn her board and clothes, which is only right and proper, but I think she ought to keep more with the servants, where she belongs. I was going to tell you that I have accepted an invitation to see Faust with Mr. Bronson this evening."

"His attentions are becoming very marked, Corinne. They say he is worth about a hundred thousand a year. Would you marry him if he asked you?" said Mrs. Stanley, putting emphasis on the "if," for she knew her daughter had been angling for the millionaire.

"How do you know that he has not asked me already?" said Corinne with a laugh, and then the conversation ended.

Meanwhile pretty Louise Lynn sat in her small ball bedroom in the great Fifth avenue house, and wondered why her lot was so hard. Silently she recalled a face she loved long ago. It was the old, old story. They had exchanged passionate vows to each other. At her father's former country seat their names were carved on the same tree; there they had sworn, with clasped hands, to be true to each other forever. But the course of true love had not run smoothly. Her father, unwilling that Louise should become the wife of a poor man, had forbidden their meetings. A knock at the door interrupted her musings. Corinne had sent for her to dress her hair.

"You really would make a capital maid," Miss Stanley remarked, as she surveyed her costume in an opposite mirror when thoroughly dressed for the opera. "Marie," glancing toward her French femme de chambre, "will have to look out for her laurels. Here, Louise, just carry my white morning cloak down stairs, won't you, while I follow?"

Miss Stanley and her cousin had been in the dining-room about five minutes, when the former glanced impatiently toward a clock on the mantel, exclaiming, "It is certainly very odd that Mr. Bronson doesn't make his appearance."

Just then a ring was heard at the door. As it was not answered immediately Corinne, turned to her cousin and said, "Louise, go to the door."

"Is my position in this house, Corinne, that of a mere servant?"

Louise spoke the words in tones which a faint, almost imperceptible quiver shook, otherwise her demeanor was perfectly calm.

"Yes," was the unhesitating answer.

"You are merely a domestic servant—nothing more."

"Very well; in that case I will obey."

She left the room with a stately step, though her wounded heart was beating passionately.

With a steady hand, too, she unfastened the hall door.

A gentleman was standing outside.

"Are Mrs. and Miss Stanley at home?" he asked politely.

His heart made poor Louise's heart beat quicker than ever.

"Ashton?" she exclaimed can it be you?"

"Louise!"

The gentleman had caught her hands in both of his and was gazing eagerly into her face.

"Oh, Louise," he went on in tremulous tones, "what miracle is this? I have sought for you ever since my return, but to no purpose. And now, to find you here! I can scarcely believe my senses!"

"You could not have cared much for me," poor Louise said, through her tears, "because—because you have never written me a line since—since—"

"Written you, Louise? I wrote a dozen times."

"Then the letters miscarried, for I never received them. Ah! I know my father's death—my change of address!"

But at this moment they were interrupted by the appearance of Corinne on the scene.

"For heaven's sake, Louise, what is the meaning of all this?" she cried.

"I was not aware, she added scornfully, "that you aspired to know Mr. Bronson."

The angry speaker's face was livid with consternation and rage.

"Mr. Bronson!" ejaculated Louise, astonishment overcoming every other feeling.

"Yes! Mr. Bronson," said Corinne, mimicking her.

"What does this mean, Ashton?" asked Louise, turning to her lover.

"I am now known, dearest, as Mr. Bronson, after a distant uncle, whose fortune I inherited, and who wished me to take his name. The accession to this estate brought me back from California—to search for you—but in vain."

There was a moment's silence, and then Louise, as she looked at her cousin, said:

"And so your grand Mr. Bronson, cousin Corinne, was, all the while, my dear old Ashton," and she proudly clung to his arm. She could not restrain a slight exultation in her tone.

"Yes, darling!" said Mr. Bronson, pressing her arm, "and I am sure your cousin will congratulate us. I certainly owe her much for having given a home to my treasure."

Did Corinne congratulate her cousin? She was obliged to do so outwardly, at least, for Louise and Mr. Bronson—*London World*.

MR. COLOROW'S ODD TRAITS.

BILL NYE FINDS HIM IMPULSIVE IN THE MATTER OF HOMICIDE.

were married a month later. But there are some smiles that mean frowns, and we fear Corinne's were such.

A CALIFORNIA ASTRONOMER.

His Prediction of What the Lick Telescope Will Do.

A Copper-Complexioned Gentleman of Few Words—A Generous Offer of "Two Sleeps" that was Promptly Accepted—A Speech by Colorow that Proved Fatal to His Happy Stenographer.

The recent lecture on the part of William H. Colorow, Duke of Rawhide Buttes and heir presumptive to the throne of Yellow Jacket Park, brings the Indian once more to our notice and teaches us that eternal vigilance is the price of Government land on the frontier.

Sig. Colorow is of Indian parentage and his lineage, such as it is, is very long. His ancestors run back as far as the earliest dawn of the Christian era. They claimed the land extending in a southerly direction from the North Pole and seemed to ignore the fact that it had been sold for taxes. The Indian has always been in favor of representation without taxation, and Colorow has believed in a community of grub, allowing the white man to retain a controlling interest in common, wet-browed toil. He has always been willing to divide his bread with the pale-faced. He has offered, time and again, to give the white man the bread that was sweetened with honest sweat, while he took his plain. He says that to prefer bread that tastes of perspiration shows a depraved taste.

Colorow has for years been a terror to the people of Northwestern Colorado, Eastern Utah and southern Wyoming. Every spring it used to be his custom to stroll into North Park and prospect for prospectors. Once he came to call on me. He had been there longer than I had and so, of course, it was nothing more than etiquette that he should call on me.

He seemed to enjoy his call very much. I could think of nothing to say, though generally I am of a bright and happy disposition. After I had asked him how his mother was, I could not think of anything else to interest him. Finally I thought of Capt. John Smith and how he amused a hostile band by showing them his compass and new suspenders. I had no compass, but I had a watch which I carried in a buckskin watch-pocket, and I thought I would show him the sweep-second and fly-back and let him see the wheels go round.

When Colorow is captured, if the United States of America has no use for that watch, I would be glad to have it returned to me at No. 32 Park row, New York.

Colorow is a man of few words. I will never forget what he said to me when he went away. He held up two fingers and said in a voice that did not seem to waver:

"Mebe so, two sleeps more, you git on."

I sometimes think that when a man says very little we are more apt to take an interest in what he says. It was so in his case. I got to thinking over his remark after he had gone and I decided to accept of his generous offer.

He had given me two sleeps; but I do not require much sleep anyway, and when I got to thinking about Colorow and his restless manner while he was my guest I could not sleep so well as I had formerly, and so I have been doing the most of my sleeping since that in a more thickly settled country. I remember I was so restless that last night that I walked feverishly about, twenty-five miles, I judge, in a northerly direction.

I left a small but growing mine there at that time in charge of the Utes, and hope they used it judiciously.

The Ute Nation is divided into two sections—viz., the Southern Utes, who have been pretty generally friendly called in question. Mrs. Hammond, and the Northern or White River Utes, who break out into fits of emotional insanity whenever their ponies get the minor poisons, has an oval shape that suits an artist with soft brown hair and the most winning of smiles. The brightest and pleasantest thing at any session at which she is present is Mrs. George Hoffman, with her smiling eyes and wavy gray hair, who has been widely known in philanthropic work in the city, but who lives at High Point on the Hudson, since her husband's death, Mrs. Lizzie W. Chapman, wife of the artist, and herself a well-known writer, is a member and a pleasant person to look on, and Georgia Cayvan, the actress, is not accustomed to have her beauty called in question. 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The Ypsilantian.

Fourteen thousand gallons of naphtha escaped into the sewers of Rochester, N. Y., last week, and the vapor coming in contact with mill fires caused a series of explosions over a wide district for an hour, blowing out man-hole covers and tearing up pavement, and leading people to think the day of doom had come. Three large mills burned, and several persons were killed and many injured.

Mansill's Almanac of Planetary Meteorology for 1888 is received and published by Richard Mansill, Rock Island, Ill., at 25 cts per copy. We have been familiar with the publication for several years, and regard it the most valuable of its class of which we have any knowledge. It promises January storms about the 8th and 9th, 23d, and 28th and 29th.

Rev. W. H. Davis, pastor of the First Congregational church of Detroit, declines an increase of \$500 in his salary tendered by the society, declaring that the church needs the money for local mission work. If that church does not enlarge her borders, it will not be the pastor's fault.

The best load of Christmas cattle sold last week at Buffalo were few and raised by Gov. Luce of Michigan. They were shipped by a Bronson firm, and sold at \$5.75 per ewt. They averaged 1,667 pounds and were thoroughbred Durhams.

We call attention to the advertisement of the Detroit Free Press in this issue. The Free Press is a good newspaper, if its politics is pizen, and people who must have pizen cannot do better than take it in the Free Press.

Mr. Moffatt's death is the fourth that has occurred among the members elected to the present Congress, and the fourth among Michigan members in service since the admission of the state into the Union.

Virginia has elected John S. Barbour of Alexandria to succeed Riddleberger in the Senate. Barbour is a Bourbon, but was not in the rebel army.

Why can't papers learn how to spell Pittsburgh? Three fourths of them omit the h.

The Michigan Almanac for '88, with its usual valuable statistics, is on sale, at 15 cents

Newcomb.

Mr. Eli Albin of Jackson is spending Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Albin.

Miss Minnie Bissell has returned home from Elk Rapids to spend the holidays with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Lester Bissell.

Miss Estella Downing has relinquished the Island School on account of sickness.

Mr. and Mrs. George Russell and their children, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Russell, spent last Sunday with C. H. Greenman and family.

Mrs. Susie K. Hammond and her little son Louie are visiting with friends at Fremont, Ohio.

Will Dawson of Detroit is spending the holidays with his friends in this place.

James Cosgrove, who went north some weeks ago to work on a railroad, has returned home to Ypsilanti town.

Mr. B. D. Kelley one of our enterprising farmers of the eastern part of Ypsilanti town and a breeder of the famous Shropshire down sheep, has improved the looks of his house by new siding and a porch along the front. Adding a kitchen at the rear, and a new coat of paint gives a good effect and the house now ranks among the nicest looking houses between Whittaker and Ypsilanti.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Adair spent Christmas with Mrs. Adair's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Willings.

Miss Annie L. Greenman was on the sick list last week.

David Walters of Ypsilanti spent Christmas with his parents in the Island district.

J. M. Breining's folks indulged in the pleasure of a Christmas tree at their home on Christmas Eve, much to the enjoyment of quite a large number of their friends and relatives.

Born to Henry Walters and wife of Laredo, Kansas Dec. 22, a son.

Quite a number of the relatives of Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Hammond assembled at the home of the latter last Tuesday to help them celebrate the tenth anniversary of their marriage.

Well, brother Gilbert, you will hear from Greenman a little more regularly in the future. Cody must answer for himself.

Mr. James Culverson died near Oil City, Penn. last week, of Bright's disease, aged 45 years. The remains were brought to this place for interment accompanied by his wife, sister-in-law and little children. He leaves an aged mother and three sisters in this community to mourn his loss. His mother, Mrs. Culverson, who is now over 80, lives with Mr. and Mrs. Willings. His sisters are Mrs. Willings, Mrs. David Mason and Mrs. Angelo Snodgrass. They all have our sincere sympathy in their affliction.

Mr. John Bissell is in very poor health at this writing but we hope to see John around again soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Breining have gone to Morley, Kent county, on a visit to one of Mrs. B.'s brothers.

The sad news comes to us of the death of Little Sarah Bissell, niece of Mrs. Emilie Hammond. Her home was at Custer, Mich.

The ladies of Carpenter Relief Corps and their friends who got up the supper for the Light Guard dance, last Thursday, are deserving of much praise for the way they persevered under difficulties to get up the supper, and by so doing added about \$8 to their depleted treasury. The ones who were most instrumental in the work were Mrs. J. W. Bowen, Mrs. Grove Seavey, Mrs. Mary U. Russell, Mrs. Lane Nisely, Mrs. Jones, Foresyth, Mrs. Albert Foresyth, Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Coquillard, Mrs. David Carpenter, Mrs. Oren Carpenter and Mrs. Olson, besides one or two more whom we do not now call to mind. The boys say they were treated to a most excellent supper by those ladies and hope that success may crown all the efforts put forth for the good of the distressed soldiers and their families.

Northfield.

The celebration of Christmas last Friday evening at the Leland church was quite an enjoyable affair for both old and young. The church was not elaborately trimmed as is generally done on such occasions, but two very fine evergreen trees whose tops touched the ceiling and which were finely decorated with presents made a very nice display in the back part of the Church. There were a number of recitations by the children, wherein they acquitted themselves with much credit. The choir interspersed the exercises with excellent music. Joshua Laraway, our Sabbath School superintendent, and Henry Robinson, merchant at Leland Station and Miss Clegg, Bewick our school teacher were abundant in labor in preparing for the occasion. In the absence of the Pastor a brief address was made by the Rev. S. L. Ransdell. The fact that old Santa Claus himself made his appearance, added zest to the exercises. He did not make his advent as usual down the chimney but came

through the scuttle hole in the ceiling of the church to the gallery and then adjusting a ladder descended to the midst of the congregation and succeeded to make himself busy in the distribution of presents to the great delight of the children and grown people likewise. In such entertainments people not only spent a pleasant hour but the kindlier feelings of their nature are aroused and they are brought a little nearer together a thing much to be desired in this selfish world.

On Christmas day at the home of the bride's father in Salem, Walter Sober and Miss Leah Brokaw were married by the Rev. S. L. Ransdell. Just a few relatives were present. The dinner was elegant and the presents used and appropriate.

DR BENNETT

Will be at the Hawkins House Tuesday, Jan. 3, and there is no man in all Michigan that has the experience or gives the results in treating chronic troubles. Piles of all kinds, no matter what the complication, cured without knife, ligature or pain. Hernia, every case he touches gets well, and only one week to know it is done.

Go and see him Tuesday, as it will cost no one anything to learn how he does it.

Dressmaking

Miss Viola Hoffman has established a dressmaking establishment in the rooms over the Ypsilanti office, and respectfully solicits patronage in that line. Satisfaction guaranteed. 416-17

For Sale.

A fine diamond stud, address lock box 253, Ann Arbor. 415-17

For Sale.

A good residence for sale, one block from Union seminary, very cheap. Address Box 809, Ypsilanti, Mich.

The Ypsilanti Sanitarium.

The Mineral Baths given at this institution are sure cure for Colds, Catarrh, Sciatica, Lame Back, Rheumatism and Salt Rheum. ff

Choice Wood for Sale.

Hickory, Maple, Beach and mixed wood by J. Everts Smith. Leave orders at the grocery store of A. H. Smith. ff

One Bath:

At the Ypsilanti Sanitarium will cure a cold, if the bath be taken in time.

Many New Ideas

in the home cure of diseases, accidents, and how to treat them, and many hints of value to the sick will be found in Dr. Kaufman's great Medical Work; elegant illustrations. Send three 2 cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy free. 1718

Having sold out my hardware business, all persons indebted to me will please call and settle. J. H. Sampson.

Anyone wishing to engage the professional services of Miss Betsey Gates, will call on Mrs. P. W. Carpenter, south Washington st.

200—PERFORMERS! —200 Grand Transformations, Elaborate Scenic Effects, Gorgeous Costumes, and Sweet Music.

\$20,000 in COSTUMES AND SCENERY.

Given in all its Elaborate and Fascinating Grandeur, with all its Mechanical Illustrations as at Dayton, Columbus, Cincinnati and other large cities. W. M. SKINNER, Prop. and Mgr.

Admission, 15, 25, 35 and 50c.

Reserved Seats now on sale at Dodge's Jewelry Store.

VPSILANTI OPERA HOUSE

Farmers' Vigilance Association.

The annual meeting of the Farmers' Vigilance Association of the Townships of Augusta, Ypsilanti, Pittsfield and York, will be held at the Lowden school house in the Township of Augusta on Tuesday, the third day of January, 1888, at 7 p. m.

J. L. LOWDEN, Sec.

Notice to Stockholders.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Ypsilanti, Michigan, for the election of Directors, will be held at the office of said bank in Ypsilanti, on Tuesday, January 10, 1888, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m., of said day. Ypsilanti, Dec. 8, 1887.

W. L. PACK, Cashier.

Taxes—1887!

The Treasurer of the township of Ypsilanti will be at the grocery store of Arthur H. Smith, on Friday and Saturday during December to receive and receipt for the tax of said township. B. D. LOOMIS, Treasurer.

Have you seen those cream candies at 20 cents per pound at F. A. Oberst's?

For Rent.

I have for rent the store room at the northeast corner of Congress and Adams streets—a suitable place for sewing machine, insurance, Doctor's office, or some light business. Liberal terms to the right party. AUSTIN GEORGE.

XMAS PRESENTS

In purchasing Christmas Presents, why not buy useful ones? At No. 6 Union Block you can get a splendid article for a very small amount of money. There you will find a comfortable HOOD for Grandmother, a Velvet HAT or BONNET for Wife and Sister, a TAM O'SHANTER for the Little Girl, and a Warm ANGORA HOOD for Baby.

Having a large stock, we are determined to reduce it by selling our goods, including a splendid assortment of fancy articles and materials

at Very Cheap Prices. Goods at your own price from now until the beginning of the New Year. Come and see for yourself.

No. 6 UNION BLOCK.

E. M. CURTIS.

Grand Holiday Display

—AT THE—

CITY MEAT MARKET,

HURON ST.

We have the largest and best stock of Fresh and Salt Meats, Turkeys, etc., in the city. Call and see.

Smoked Hams, - 12 Cents

Smoked Bacon, - 12 Cents

Smoked Shoulders, 8 Cents

H. Fairchild & Co.

N. CORDARY,

—DEALER IN—

GROCERIES!

Has on hand one of the largest and best selected stocks of Groceries, such as

TEAS AND COFFEES, SUGARS, SPICES,

TOBACCO, CIGARS, ETC.

Which will be sold on a very small margin. Special attention will be given to FARMERS, COUNTRY MERCHANTS, and other parties desiring to avail themselves of our JOBBING PRICES by buying in large quantities.

The Highest Market Prices paid for Butter and Eggs either in Cash or Trade.

N. Cordary, Congress St., Near Iron Bridge.

DAVIS & CO.,

Christmas! Christmas!

A PRESENT FOR EVERYBODY!

From now until January 1st, 1888, we will give a

Handsome Christmas Present!

to every purchaser of goods to the amount of \$1 or more in our Crockery Department. Our Stock of

Staple Crockery

AND

Fancy Goods!

is very full and complete, and our prices are very low. Call and see us.

DAVIS & CO.,

19 CROSS ST..

YPSILANTI, - MICHIGAN.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

26th Annual Announcement!

An Inspection of our

NEW GOODS

Suitable for

HOLIDAY-GIFTS

is respectfully solicited.

S. H. DODGE,

JEWELER.

"Hello, Dick, old boy; give us a light. Thanks. By the way, Dick, where is it you get your Clothing? Now my clothes, which I got same time or thereabout, look rumpled up, out of shape, and no style; while yours look as well as if the best tailor in the state made 'em."

"Why, Jo, my dear fellow, you must go to JOE SANDERS' if you want good clothes and a fit. You see it don't cost any more to get the style and that, if you go to Sanders', than it costs to dress like you. Ta-ta, old fellow. Try Sanders next time, and you'll be suited, and you won't be paralized by your suspender button flying off when you make a bow to a lady acquaintance on the street, either."